

THE WAR CRY

EASTER
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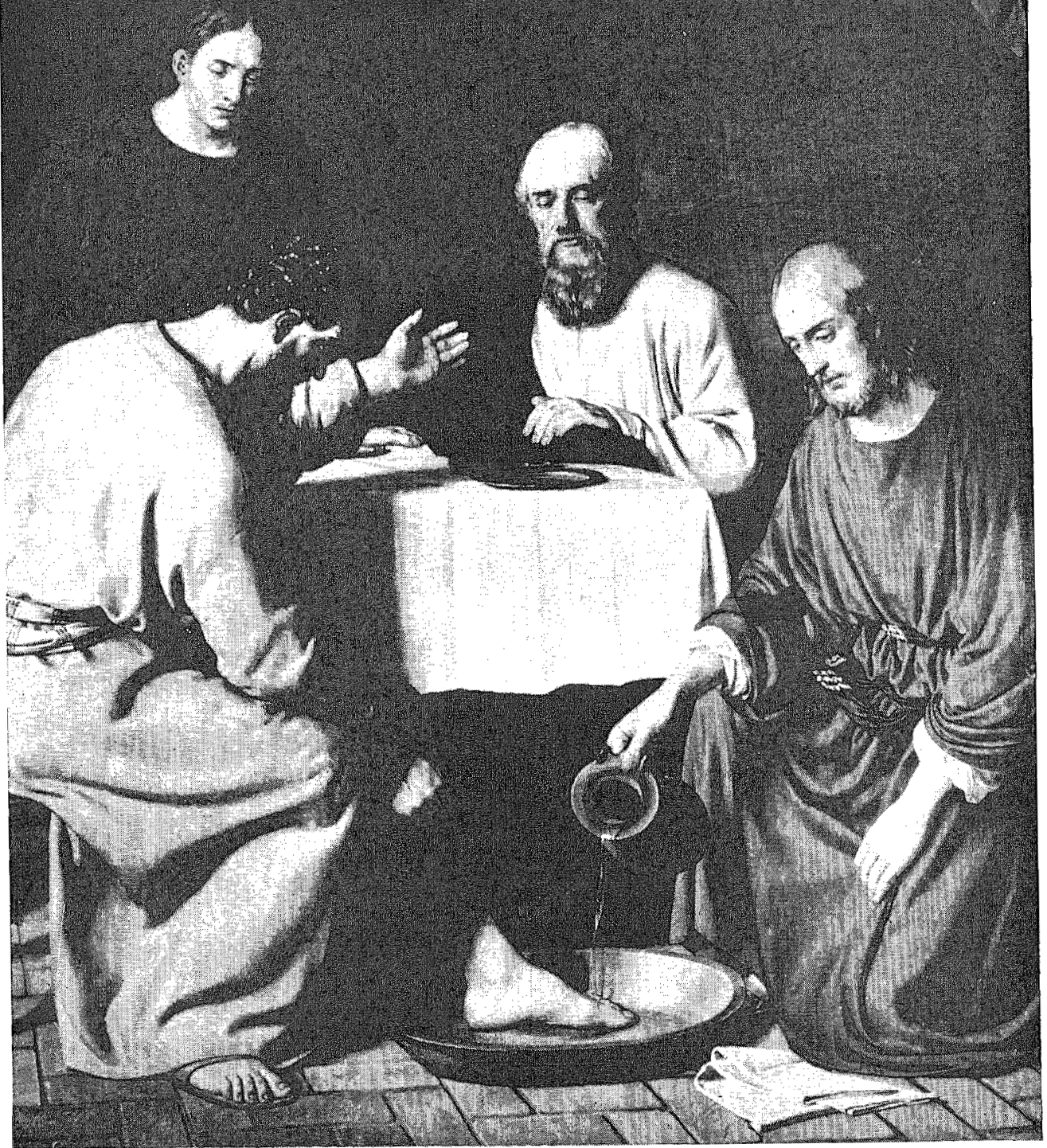
"He is not here; He is Risen."

IT IS A WELL KNOWN FACT that reformatories do not always reform their inmates. But The Salvation Army has on record the cases of many a man who found God in prison. Some of those who commit crimes never regret their action; they are habitual criminals. Others immediately have a revelation of the deceitfulness of sin, and the depths to which the Devil can sink a man. They truly repent and, if led to Christ by a man of faith, will leave the prison with a heart divinely strengthened, and a resolve to "run the straight race, by God's good grace." (In addition to their usual efforts in the nation's penal institutions, the Army's prison officers on "Prison Sunday"—April 25—will have the additional help of groups of bandsmen and songsters. The officer in the photograph above is the Prison and Police Court Secretary, Lt.-Colonel E. Green.)

Photo D. Ottaway

From the painting by Jorgan Roed

Peter protests at the Saviour's humble action
(Read John's Gospel, chapter 13)



The Mystery of Calvary

THE Cross is the symbol of Christian architecture. This theme has been the greatest inspiration of all Christian art. One of the few things about theology that we are certain of is that nearly all the quarrels among Christians have been caused by overdefinition. It is a pity that men will insist on trying to measure God with a card-index system. There are three main theories which try to explain why Christ died.

The first is based on the analogy of the civil law. Sin is a debt which man is unable to pay, so Christ comes in and pays it in his place, for judgment must be satisfied. But the man who insists that this is a complete explanation, gets into moral difficulties. Sin is more than a debt which sometimes may be incurred without moral guilt. The dollar for dollar idea does not go. It is unjust for God to punish innocence for guilt. No chief justice would tolerate the idea.

There was an old medieval theory

By the Most Reverend

that the death of Christ was a debt paid by God to the Devil. Some people think that the moral government of the universe would be destroyed and God's majesty would suffer if every sinner were not punished. It was not to pay the price of sin but to uphold the righteousness of God that Christ died. But surely this makes God bound hand and foot by His own government. He desires to forgive but He is afraid. The moral influence theory teaches that debts are transferrable but guilt is not. Some people claim that Christ came into the world to heal and to bless, knowing that He must die.

The Crucifixion shows us that the divine love stops at nothing. If anything will melt the hearts of men, it is the picture of the dying Christ. But surely, this is not enough! The writers in the New Testament saw more in the Crucifixion than the death of a martyr. Jesus Christ is not a Sydney Carton.

The Cross is the greatest mystery

in the world. Its necessity comes to every one who has seen the guilt of sin. We cannot explain it because it is infinite. So is the starry universe floating in space, the flower in the crannied wall, the soul of man that loves and suffers and prays.

The lessons of the Korean War are something that no Canadian can forget. Freedom must be paid for, but why should boys who had nothing to do with the declaration of war, be made to suffer for others? The private soldier is Canada's sacrifice.

"My shoulders ache beneath my pack;
Lie easier, Cross, upon His back;
I march with feet that burn and smart;
Tread, holy feet, upon my heart;
Men shout to me who may not speak;
They scourged Thy back and smote
Thy cheek.
My rifle hand is still and numb,
From Thy red palm, red rivers run."

The sacrificial man is part of our human story. Let us stick to the facts. The universe is full of this vicarious principle. One thing lays down its life for another. The vegetable world dies for horses and cattle. The animal lays down its life

R. J. Renison, Toronto

for man. Men lay down their lives, sometimes in single acts of martyrdom and sometimes by years of patient service.

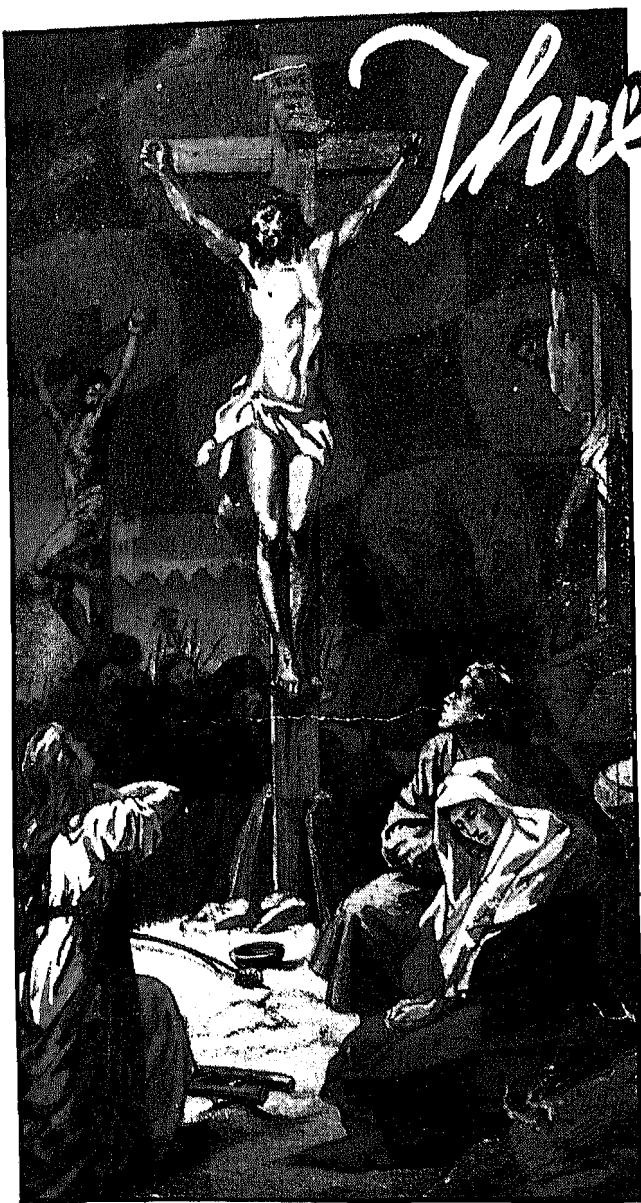
Railroad engineers, hour after hour looking out of the cab, are sacrificial men. Husbands and wives, for their children, spend their best years in sacrifice. "All this is of the nature of atonement and there is no corner of the world where the letters of the word may not be spelled out like a dim and broken inscription on the fragments of human life."

Lewis Bayly's *Practice of Pietie* is a book forgotten now; in its time it was famous. It was one of the two books which John Bunyan's wife brought to him for her wedding dowry. Near the end there is a colloquy between Christ and the Soul in which Christ opens to the Soul the meaning of His Cross.

Soul, "Lord, why wouldest Thou be taken, when Thou mightest have escaped Thine enemies?"

Christ, "That thy spiritual enemies
(Continued on page 14)





Three CROSSES ON A HILL

By
THE
TERRITORIAL
COMMANDER
Commissioner

Wm. R.
Dalziel



"Then were there two thieves crucified with Him, one on the right hand, and another on the left."

IT was the hour in which Jesus was "numbered with the transgressors." Whether by accident or design we know not, but Jesus hung in the midst, with a thief on either side.

Beside the crosses were the Roman soldiers—gambling, shouting, quarrelling, casting lots and dividing the spoil. The priests and rulers, their passions aroused, stayed to glut their eyes with the spectacle of their Victim's sufferings. Strangers, gathered in the city for the Passover, to whom any excitement would be welcome, following the example of their rulers, railed and mocked. The disciples fled, except a few women—bewildered and won-

dering—standing at a distance, watching the scene with curious eyes.

And in the midst of it all—three crosses. In the centre was the Cross of Salvation; on the one side, the Cross of Rebellion; on the other, the Cross of Repentance. Love in the centre; on the one side, Love, scorned and refused; on the other, Love dimly understood, but accepted.

The same spectacle is going on throughout the ages. He is still in the midst, and those two human attitudes still stand in contrast. The behaviour of the two thieves is typical of what is happening every day. The Cross still divides the world. On the one side, the penitent; on the other, the impenitent.

Perhaps our regard for the Cross of Christ, the full significance of

Calvary and the extraordinary character of Jesus have been dulled by custom. We take the Cross of Christ for granted, like the circling of the season; whereas, in reality, simply as an historical event, it stands by itself. "Nothing like it", said a modern scholar, "is found in any other religion. Not in Islam, for Mohammed died victorious in old age. Not in Buddhism, for Gautama finished his earthly career aged and honoured. Not in Confucianism, for Confucius lived out the earthly term of life. It is only Christianity which puts in its forefront the most terrible facts and takes for its symbol a Cross."

But it is not only a tremendous historical fact; it is a vitally personal fact.

Jesus died upon the Cross because He loved the sinner—the individual sinner. Jesus did not pour out His soul into death for the sake of the Kingdom. The Kingdom was God's and, in God's good time, the Kingdom would come. He left the Kingdom in the hands of God and set Himself to save the sinner, so that, whenever and however the Kingdom came, the sinner would enter into it. He lived and died for the individual sinner.

In the wonderful parables recorded in Luke, the 15th chapter, there is *one* lost sheep; *one* lost coin; *one* lost son. Salvation for every single individual soul. Oh, thank God for that! But this supreme love was severely moral and spiritual in its purpose. It had no easy pity for the sinner, no indulgent judgment of his sin. It sought to lead the sinner through the straight gate of repentance.

"But", says someone, "did the dying thief repent?" Why yes! It is revealed in his speech, in his change of outlook, in his change of mind. The whole fact of life was, for him, suddenly centred in a new viewpoint. He had ignored God; he now recognized Him. "Dost thou not fear God?", he said to his brother thief. He had wronged his fellow men; he now realized the sin of it. "We receive the due reward of our deeds." He recognized that he was suffering justly. That is repentance.

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The War Cry



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WAITING WITH EXPECTANT HOPE

Nothing is so distressing as waiting. Yet, if we have faith in God, that long period of waiting can be tintured with hope that "Easter morning will come!" in our experiences and in our problems just as it did on that Sunday morning long ago.

IS anything so tiresome as waiting? One can stand for an hour interestedly watching some procession or pageant, and feel no undue strain, but to stand for ten minutes on some street corner waiting for a tardy friend to keep an appointment can easily fray one's temper, and cause many a sign of stress and strain.

Who that has waited anxiously while a loved one has passed through some crisis such as a major operation, or child-birth, has not felt that this short period of tension has imposed a greater strain than many days of normal labour?

Waiting! What a strain it can be, even when there is yet hope of some successful clearing of the cause of tension. How much worse when hope has gone!

Each year at the Easter season we give close thought and reverent study to the record of the sufferings of our Lord on that first Good Friday. With Him we proceed in spirit from the upper room to Gethsemane's garden. We share the terror of the disciples at His arrest, and suffer ignominy with Peter when he cursed and swore that he knew not the Lord. We quiver at the mockery of the trials before Caiaphas and Annas. Heart-broken we go with Him to Herod and hear the ribaldry of the rude men of war. We weep as we look upon His marred visage when Pilate said "Behold the Man," and again when, with the daughters of Jerusalem we see Him stumble

By
**THE CHIEF
SECRETARY**
*Colonel R.
Harewood*

JESUS ENTERS THE HOME with a message of hope for the discouraged, the sick and the sad. May your home be graced with His presence this Easter season.



'neath the weight of His cross. At Calvary we bow and beat our breasts and cry, "Could it be my sin that nailed Him there?"

Yet always at the back of our minds is the thought—"But Easter Day will come." Yes, we know that Easter Day did come, and we have run with Peter and John to the open tomb. We have shared with Mary the marvel of that revelation when He said, "Mary," and she cried, "Rabboni—Master!" With burning hearts we have tried to follow that conversation on the Emmaus road, and we, too, have

said, "Master, abide with us!"

But what of that long dreadful day of waiting? To the disciples it was without hope. No doubt it also seemed without end. "We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel," they said. But, alas, how vain that trust now seemed for He, their beloved Lord, lay lifeless in the garden tomb. Peter has a strange word that Jesus Himself, maybe on this day, "went and preached unto the spirits in prison." But the disciples knew nothing of that. They just
(Continued on page 13)



"And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre; for they were amazed; Mark 16:8.

WE can easily understand the agitation of these two women. The discovery that the tomb was empty and the announcement that Jesus had risen took their breath away. The change from despair to hope was so violent that it shook them to the core. It seemed, as we say, too good to be true. They had not yet realized that the things that Christ promises are too good not to be true. Their minds, like ours, had to be adjusted to His world. But that took time. Meanwhile they trembled and were astonished so that they fled from the tomb and "said nothing to anyone, for they were afraid."

It can still be said of many Christians that they leave the Easter celebration and say nothing to anyone. There is often a strange silence about the fact which Easter commemorates. There may be some echo of its music in our hearts, but the strings are mute and melody is soon swallowed up by the din of traffic or the news of strife that fills the air. We have lost both the wonder and the trembling. Dr. Dale of Birmingham at one point in his ministry suddenly realized the fact that the Resurrection does not re-

RECAPTURE THE THRILL OF EASTER

ceive enough emphasis in our worship, and ever after he included an Easter hymn in the morning service of praise. Have we lost the thrill of that stupendous event so that we "say nothing to anyone?"

The silence in some cases may be due to the numbing shadow of doubt. The scientific outlook has chilled the mood of faith. Our minds have become imprisoned by material facts. Our eyes have been turned away from the unseen and eternal to the seen and temporal. "With our estranged faces," as Francis Thompson says, "we miss the many splendored thing." The story of what happened at the tomb on Easter morning has faded into unreality.

But is the story so incredible? Think of what has grown out of it. The book of Acts is the first immediate product, and this is no mere record of ideas or theories. As the name implies, it is a record of deeds, of the acts of those bewildered and broken men and women who were there. Something wonderful must have happened to change their lives and turn them into triumphant heroes and jubilant saints. The Book

walls of this world have been breached by the risen Christ and we find ourselves in an eternal world. Jesus, who was crucified and buried in a sealed tomb, has opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

That is the world we live in since Jesus died and rose again. It is alive with all kinds of possibilities. It means, for one thing, that Jesus is here. That is the point of His appearances here and there to His disciples. They could never be sure when they turned a corner they might not come face to face with Him, so they grew accustomed to the fact of His presence everywhere.

When he finally disappeared from their sight, and the sound of His voice could no longer be heard, the conviction of His presence remained. The world became a kind of whispering gallery where He spoke to them through all events and circumstances, and their minds could interpret His message. Even those who had never seen Him were conscious of His presence. "Whom having not seen we love," they said.

It was a sound instinct that made the early Church turn the news of

BY JAMES REID

of Acts is still being written by men and women all over the world who have caught the Easter faith, and every succeeding chapter ends with the phrase, "To be continued."

There are some also for whom the Easter music is muted by familiarity. They have heard the story so often that the meaning has gone out of it. When the news broke in upon the waiting disciples it seemed to them as idle tales. They could not at first take it in. It was too new and startling. But the same kind of apathy affects many people, though for a different reason. The news has lost its thrill and its wonder. It has no more effect than a fleeting glimpse of sunlight on a dreary day.

Lately cinema pictures have begun to be produced in three dimensions. Instead of merely flat surfaces they are being given depth and solidity. We need to see the Resurrection in the dimensions of an eternal world. "He hath abolished death," wrote Paul, "and brought life and immortality to light." The

the Resurrection into a salutation and greet each other with the phrase "Christ is risen." We have lost something vital from our intercourse with one another since we changed "God be with you" into "Goodbye," a mere word of farewell that can fill the very air with the sadness of separation. But to say to one another that Christ is risen is to bring into our love and friendship the assurance of immortality. It enables us to live in the consciousness that death is past and that we belong to an eternal world.

"The disciples went everywhere," we are told, "the Lord working with them." Every burden they had to carry became light because He shared it.

The shadows that darkened life and shut out the sunlight made them the more sensitive to His nearness. When temptation threatened they could feel the pressure of His hand and were safe. And always He had something new to bring out of His treasure.

HANDS *That* Remained Soiled

NEVER was there a man who washed his hands to so little purpose as Pilate. Vain was the hope that thus he might be absolved from blame in the matter of the Christ's Crucifixion.

All day long the conviction had grown upon him that the Man brought before him was innocent, but at last he yielded to the clamouring of an incited mob and the Prisoner was handed over to its furious will. The Prisoner was innocent and the judge guilty. The Prisoner went on to the agonies of a cross and the judge returned to the agonies of a violated conscience. More than water was needed to quench that fire! More than water was needed to cleanse hands stained with innocent blood.

Pilate was guilty, it is true, but the enormity of the crime of murdering the innocent Son of God is of such magnitude that all mankind stands indicted. Pilate gave the Crucifixion order, but in spiritual fact it was your sins and mine which nailed Him to the Cross.

And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid
That He might make us whole.

Now, whilst the Crucifixion of Jesus was a specific event in history there is a strange sense in which it is outside the processes of time. The Cross, "towering o'er the wrecks of time," calls upon each succeeding generation to make its own decision regarding the Son of God. Admittedly the Cross is now empty and the Son has returned to the Father, but the challenge of vital decision still remains.

The issues which confronted Pilate are with us today. As with him, so with us—a verdict is required. The rolling centuries have failed to silence the Voice which cried, "What think ye of Christ?" In response to the challenge of the Cross of Christ there are two things we can do and one we cannot. No one can "wash his hands" of it! The issue is inescapable and no amount

"Pilate . . . took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it." Matthew 27: 24.



of washing or shoulder-shrugging will absolve one from the responsibility of decision. One way or another the Cross demands a verdict.

Whilst we cannot evade this issue, we can repudiate the claims and consider as unnecessary and worthless the sacrifice of Calvary. We can with deliberate choice and forethought pass by the Cross of Jesus as if it were nothing and go on our way, bearing the guilt of our sins and carrying it with us to a place of eternal darkness.

But another and different verdict can come from our heart. We may see, in the pierced Figure of the lowly Nazarene, One who is our Saviour. We may pause and, in the rough-hewn wooden cross, see the symbol of supreme love which secured our eternal salvation at a cost beyond human reckoning. Because of its timelessness, we may come even at this late date in human affairs to "survey the wondrous Cross on which the Prince of Glory died," realizing as we do that never did "such love and sorrow meet,



nor thorns compose so rich a crown." Even now we may in spirit kneel at the foot of the Cross and with humble, simple prayers of contrition and repentance accept the glorified Victim of that Cross as our Saviour.

Lacking words of our own we may borrow from the inspired poet and pray as we kneel:

Jesus, see me at Thy feet,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
Thou alone my need canst meet,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

No! No! Nothing do I bring,
But by faith I'm clinging
To Thy Cross, O Lamb of God,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

Pilate's washing of his hands was a futile and foolish gesture but he spoke truth when he said, by inference, to the mobbing crowds "this Crucifixion is your affair." He was right; it is your affair and you cannot wash your hands of it!

Rhys Dumbleton

Via Dolorosa

WHICH way has He taken,
The great King of kings,
Around whose head the Dove has
flown,
And God's full radiance clings?

He's taken up His cross,
And, pale beneath its load,
The Master walks a lonely path,
The sad and shameful road.

Which way has He taken,
Thy Saviour and mine?
Lo, He has chosen Calvary,
With gentleness divine.

And still He wears the thorns,
And feels the scourging rod,
While men reject His sacrifice—
This precious Son of God.
Constance Barbour Holbein,
Ottawa, Ont.



Peter's Downfall

"I KNOW not the man!" the distracted disciple cried. Eight times in that terrible record of Matthew, chapter 26, Peter is named. He makes comparisons; he vows to die with his Master; he goes to Gethsemane, is accused of failure to watch, then he gets excited and draws his sword. He follows afar, after the arrest, sits with the servants and hangers-on, is identified, challenged, and thrice denies any connection with Jesus.

The story is clear; all the Gospels give it. The Galilean fisherman was nearly lost in this storm. "Sails ripped, seams opening wide", he was going down for the third time when the Master recalled and saved him with a look. Surely, it was this incident that led Charles Wesley to write:

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The keen conviction dart;
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That kind, upbraiding glance which broke
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no appearance in the main drama. Where were the others? Fled, every man of them. But Peter was the storm-petrel; he just had to be in the vortex of the trouble. In fact that bird of the storm—the storm-petrel—took its name from Peter.

Silence and inactivity were not in this disciple's nature. He had to act, was compelled to speak, even if he blundered, as he often did. But it must always be remembered that one inspirational utterance, one high moment went a long way to counterbalance his more foolish words. For it was he, and none other, who cried out, "Thou art the

eyes. Then we weep, then we know Him, for tear-blinded eyes can see God.

But if the disclaimer was false, it was also terribly true. For Peter could not have denied Jesus had he truly known Him. Such knowledge came later, through the Cross, the Resurrection, and the Master's cleansing question, "Lovest thou Me?" Here lies the difference between a nominal and a real discipleship, and between a casual knowledge and one that is deep and true, purified in the fires of suffering.

This is true in all realms of

A DISCIPL

Christ, the Son of the living God!"

A Spiritual Tempest

It is not easy for us to cast our minds in Peter's circumstances on the dark night of the arrest and trial. For we know what followed, the saving Cross, the light of the Resurrection. Peter saw only the end of a fine venture. Adverse winds blew upon him from the dark night, and he lost his balance in the tempest.

The incident is contradictory; and it was only a tragic incident, nothing more. It was not wholly typical of the man. The Lord treated it accordingly, just as God will never judge the whole tenor of a man's life and intention by one sad failure.

It was extraordinary because his disclaimer was so manifestly false. He *did* know Jesus, very well indeed. Was he not one of the first and foremost of His followers? Had he not been in Jesus' company for three years, heard His sermons, seen his miracles, received His rebuke and instruction? He certainly had every opportunity of getting to know Jesus. Yet, it is true to say that he had to see himself a failure before he could get low enough to see Jesus.

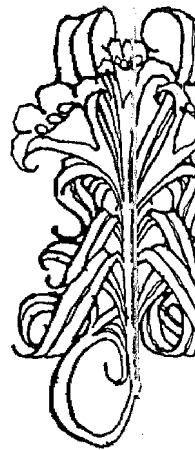
We are all like that, too high, too self-important to know Christ, until we are brought low and then look up to see Him chastening us as with the rod of His forgiving

worthwhile knowledge, but especially so in the deeper things of the soul. All the pure gold of knowledge and understanding must be consecrated in the fires of discipline. Until then, the Lord can never be sure of His disciple nor can the disciple truly know his Lord.

His Impetuous Nature

Yet, the incident is consistent. To begin with, it matches Peter's inconstant disposition. Gather together his speeches and marvel at the amazing assortment; one can scarcely believe that they all come from the same lips. His denial was the last of his inconsistencies—consistent only with his mercurial nature. It was the chattering of his soul's fever. The symptoms were fear and despondency. The cause was lost, the ship was sinking. He had a natural tendency to balk at a crisis. He might even have been angry with himself for being after all, unequal to the enemies in league against Christ. For all he knew, he was alone, and nothing was to be gained by a desperate sortie; no, he would disclaim relationship.

Credit him that he did not sell Jesus, as Judas did, for profit. His action was not a calculated deduction, but an emotional explosion. He was not even trying to be logical, like the cool, reasoning Thomas. His frustrated love for Jesus might even have been hidden within his



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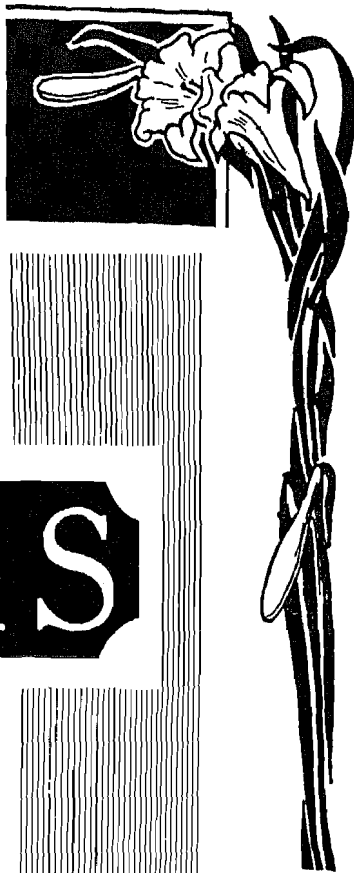
blustering words. He might have thought he would not make matters worse for Jesus by the untimely disclosure to the high priest's officers that the Galilean's foolish swordsman was near by.

"Deny! Deny!" cried his anguished mind. "Leave me out of it; this Man means nothing to me."

But all this was quite consistent with Christ's forecast. At the Last Supper, He said, "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee . . . but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not . . . and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." What a note of hope and salvation is in that last phrase! Jesus knew that Peter would, that

today. Christ is always on trial, and always as before the high priest, pointing to His followers, His witnesses, and saying, "You want to know about Me? Ask them!" And as often as we go back on Jesus, or keep silence when we should witness for Him, or misrepresent His teaching, we are saying, "I know not the Man". Pascal was right when he said that only in His wounds is Jesus truly known.

This disciple faltered, but quickly repented, and was abundantly forgiven. He finished by giving his life for Christ. If all our mistakes—and all our falterings—are as bitterly repented, as sincerely forgiven, it will be well with us after all. And it shall happen, as an old-time revival song used to have it.



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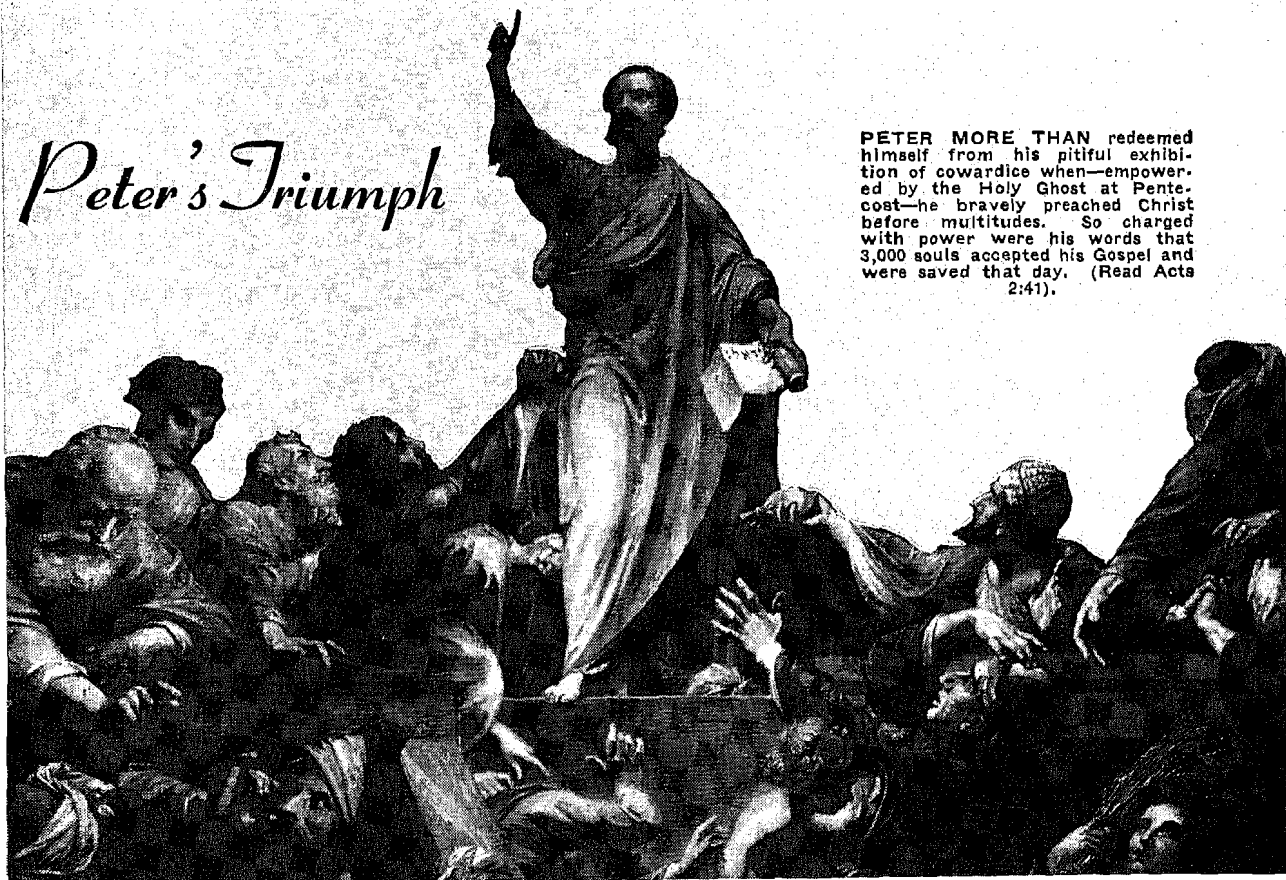
night, speak the most foolish of all his foolish words. But he also knew that the fallen disciple would recover, and that his weakness would be made strength. That it was so, let history testify, and let Peter's epistles witness: please read them in the light of his denial.

Let us not date this story. It is not a period piece. It is re-enacted

My dear father thought it sentimental, but my mother loved it. Will you forgive me if in this I take my mother's side? She used to sing, as I sing:

My mistakes His free grace will cover,
My sins He will wash right away,
And the feet that have slipped and faltered
Shall march through the gates of day!

Peter's Triumph



PETER MORE THAN redeemed himself from his pitiful exhibition of cowardice when—empowered by the Holy Ghost at Pentecost—he bravely preached Christ before multitudes. So charged with power were his words that 3,000 souls accepted his Gospel and were saved that day. (Read Acts 2:41).

Easter Number

9

IT IS A WELL KNOWN FACT that reformatories do not always reform their inmates. But The Salvation Army has on record the cases of many a man who found God in prison. Some of those who commit crimes never regret their action; they are habitual criminals. Others immediately have a revelation of the deceitfulness of sin, and the depths to which the Devil can sink a man. They truly repent and, if led to Christ by a man of faith, will leave the prison with a heart divinely strengthened, and a resolve to "run the straight race, by God's good grace." (In addition to their usual efforts in the nation's penal institutions, the Army's prison officers on "Prison Sunday"—April 25—will have the additional help of groups of bandmen and songsters. The officer in the photograph above is the Prison and Police Court Secretary, Lt.-Colonel E. Green.)

Photo D. Ottaway



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eyes. Then we weep, then we know Him, for tear-blinded eyes can see God.

But if the disclaimer was false, it was also terribly true. For Peter could not have denied Jesus had he truly known Him. Such knowledge came later, through the Cross, the Resurrection, and the Master's cleansing question, "Lovest thou Me?" Here lies the difference between a nominal and a real discipleship, and between a casual knowledge and one that is deep and true, purified in the fires of suffering.

This is true in all realms of

A DISCIPL

Christ, the Son of the living God!"

A Spiritual Tempest

It is not easy for us to cast our minds in Peter's circumstances on the dark night of the arrest and trial. For we know what followed, the saving Cross, the light of the Resurrection. Peter saw only the end of a fine venture. Adverse winds blew upon him from the dark night, and he lost his balance in the tempest.

The incident is contradictory; and it was only a tragic incident, nothing more. It was not wholly typical of the man. The Lord treated it accordingly, just as God will never judge the whole tenor of a man's life and intention by one sad failure.

It was extraordinary because his disclaimer was so manifestly false. He *did* know Jesus, very well indeed. Was he not one of the first and foremost of His followers? Had he not been in Jesus' company for three years, heard His sermons, seen His miracles, received His rebuke and instruction? He certainly had every opportunity of getting to know Jesus. Yet, it is true to say that he had to see himself a failure before he could get low enough to see Jesus.

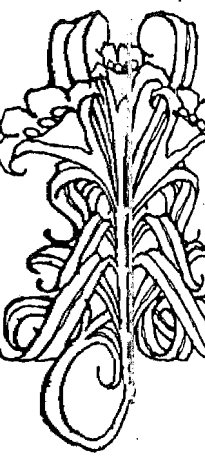
We are all like that, too high, too self-important to know Christ, until we are brought low and then look up to see Him chastening us as with the rod of His forgiving

worthwhile knowledge, but especially so in the deeper things of the soul. All the pure gold of knowledge and understanding must be consecrated in the fires of discipline. Until then, the Lord can never be sure of His disciple nor can the disciple truly know his Lord.

His Impetuous Nature

Yet, the incident is consistent. To begin with, it matches Peter's inconstant disposition. Gather together his speeches and marvel at the amazing assortment; one can scarcely believe that they all come from the same lips. His denial was the last of his inconsistencies—consistent only with his mercurial nature. It was the chattering of his soul's fever. The symptoms were fear and despondency. The cause was lost, the ship was sinking. He had a natural tendency to balk at a crisis. He might even have been angry with himself for being after all, unequal to the enemies in league against Christ. For all he knew, he was alone, and nothing was to be gained by a desperate sortie; no, he would disclaim relationship.

Credit him that he did not sell Jesus, as Judas did, for profit. His action was not a calculated deduction, but an emotional explosion. He was not even trying to be logical, like the cool, reasoning Thomas. His frustrated love for Jesus might even have been hidden within his



THE
ARMY
INTERATION
LEADER

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Alert
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blustering words. He might have thought he would not make matters worse for Jesus by the untimely disclosure to the high priest's officers that the Galilean's foolish swordsman was near by.

"Deny! Deny!" cried his anguished mind. "Leave me out of it; this Man means nothing to me."

But all this was quite consistent with Christ's forecast. At the Last Supper, He said, "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee . . . but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not . . . and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." What a note of hope and salvation is in that last phrase! Jesus knew that Peter would, that

today. Christ is always on trial, and always as before the high priest, pointing to His followers, His witnesses, and saying, "You want to know about Me? Ask them!" And as often as we go back on Jesus, or keep silence when we should witness for Him, or misrepresent His teaching, we are saying, "I know not the Man". Pascal was right when he said that only in His wounds is Jesus truly known.

This disciple faltered, but quickly repented, and was abundantly forgiven. He finished by giving his life for Christ. If all our mistakes—and all our falterings—are as bitterly repented, as sincerely forgiven, it will be well with us after all. And it shall happen, as an old-time revival song used to have it.



LE FALTERS

night, speak the most foolish of all his foolish words. But he also knew that the fallen disciple would recover, and that his weakness would be made strength. That it was so, let history testify, and let Peter's epistles witness; please read them in the light of his denial.

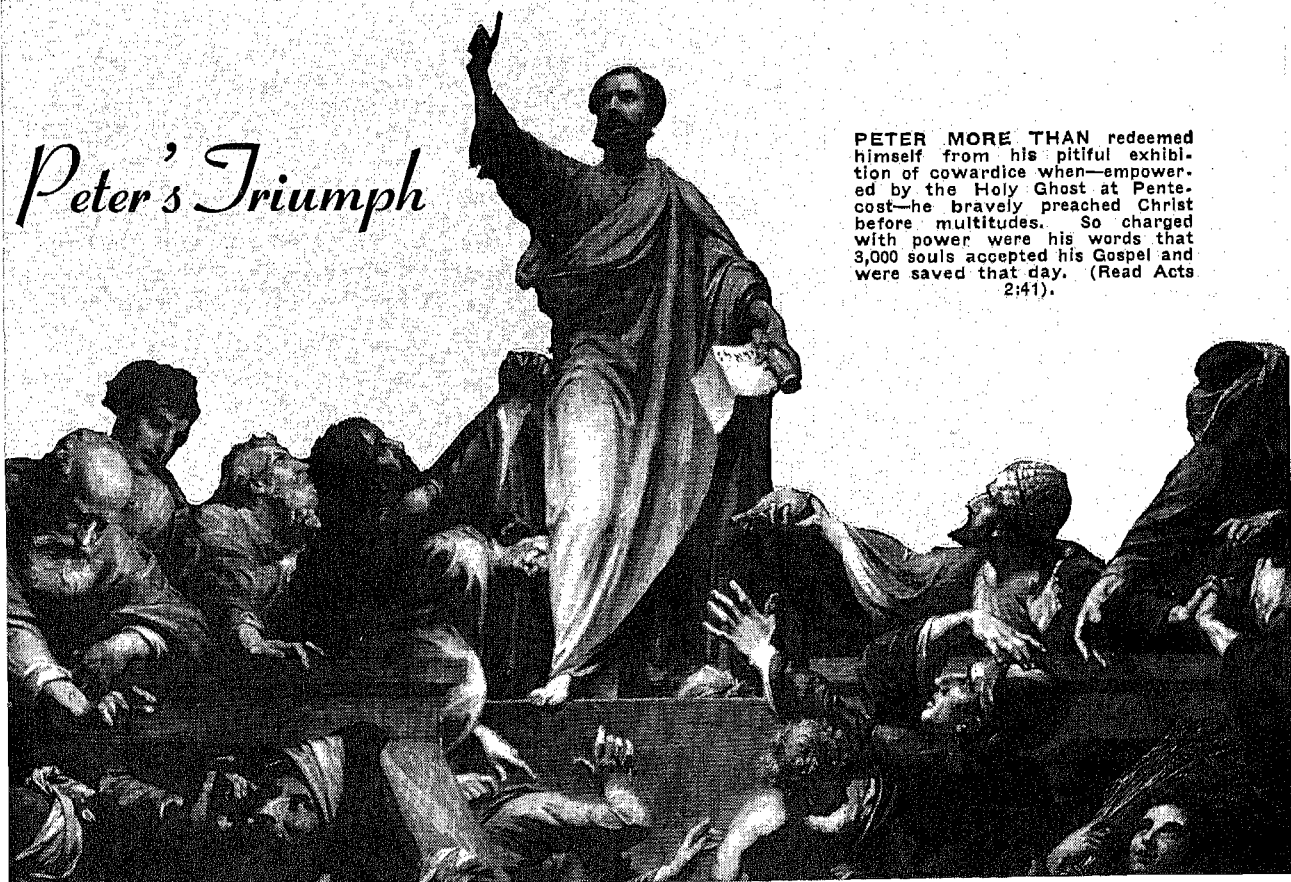
Let us not date this story. It is not a period piece. It is re-enacted

My dear father thought it sentimental, but my mother loved it. Will you forgive me if in this I take my mother's side? She used to sing, as I sing:

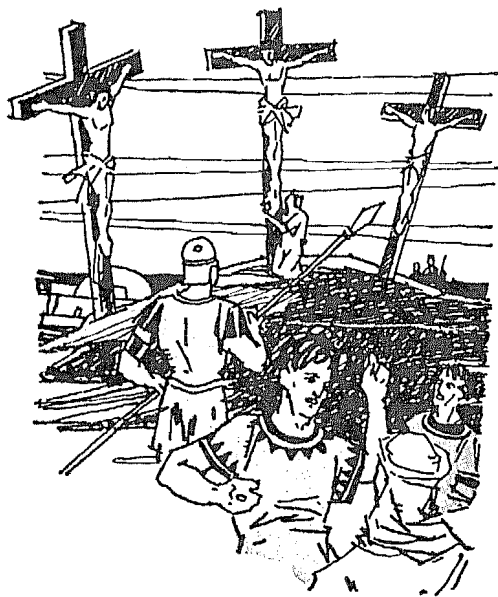
My mistakes His free grace will cover,
My sins He will wash right away,
And the feet that have slipped and faltered
Shall march through the gates of day!

Peter's Triumph

PETER MORE THAN redeemed himself from his pitiful exhibition of cowardice when—empowered by the Holy Ghost at Pentecost—he bravely preached Christ before multitudes. So charged with power were his words that 3,000 souls accepted his Gospel and were saved that day. (Read Acts 2:41).



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The CENTRAL CROSS

By Arthur H. Townsend

had done no violence, neither was any deceit in His mouth." (Isaiah 53:9).

One thief reviled, cursed and blasphemed against Him. He mocked and scoffed and was full of unbelief and hatred. His accusations were as bitter and vitriolic as arsenic, and as damning to his own spirit as the breath of hell breathed through the nostrils of the Devil. He died in

agony of soul and went out into the blackness of a Christless eternity.

The other thief repented. He said: "Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss. And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." (Luke 23:40, 42).

He accepted and received his pardon. What wondrous love is here portrayed: Jesus, the Christ, dying in agony of soul, body and mind, hears the cry of the repentant thief and opens His great heart of love and compassion to receive Him. His arms were already open wide to embrace the sinner—nailed to the cross of wood. The blood drops, falling to the ground, gave divine authority to His words: "Verily I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in paradise." (Luke 23:43). What wondrous love!

THE Old Testament prophets foretold Christ's death—Isaiah is outstanding in prophetic utterance—but I am persuaded that the prophecies given forth were obscure and hidden to the hearts and understanding of the prophets and people.

They knew as they wrote that what they said was inspired and prophetic, but much of their revelations was symbolic—vague and uncertain, yet nonetheless true, as history has proved. These hidden truths and obscure prophecies, nevertheless, have been plainly revealed and made understandable to us today.

The unfolding of the full prophetic picture began at the time of Christ's miraculous birth. When He grew up and walked among men, fulfilling His earthly ministry, the picture unfolded like a scroll. Then came the garden scene, the trial, and His death upon the cross. Now the saddest and yet most glorious picture ever portrayed and the truest story ever written, is before us. He was unjustly condemned. It was a trumped up charge of diabolical cunning—His trial and crucifixion. Yet He opened not His mouth.

How unlike you or me! When we are falsely accused, we follow the law of self-preservation. We stick up for our rights! We fight back! "He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth." (Isaiah 53:7).

There were three crosses on the hill. His was the centre cross. "Then were there two thieves crucified with Him, one on the right hand, and another on the left." (Matt. 27:38). Isaiah said: "He made His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death; because he

Today, humanity is divided into two camps—the believers and unbelievers; the saved and unsaved; people who accept or reject the Christ of the Cross. Where God is concerned, there is no segregation of peoples beyond the numeral two. There are two companies, two groups, two camps—divided by the Cross of Christ—and two only. On which side of the Cross are you?

We segregate people into many groups—lawyers, statesmen, doctors, scientists, ministers, or common, everyday folk like you and me. But God does not. There is no division with Him or His Word beyond the division of the Cross. We are either in the camp of the unbelieving, cursing, blasphemous thief, or in the camp of the repentant, pardon-seeking robber.

If you are on the wrong side of the Cross, today; if you are in the camp of the Christ-rejecting, Christ-cursing, blasphemous thief, you may, by way of the Cross, enter the camp of the Christ-honouring Christians who have been redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus. If you will accept Christ Jesus as your personal Saviour and enter the camp of the redeemed, the wondrous birth, ministry, death and Resurrection—the true story of Christ Jesus will become more real to your heart and life than to the prophets of old who prophesied and desired to comprehend more fully and see more clearly concerning this most blessed event of the ages.



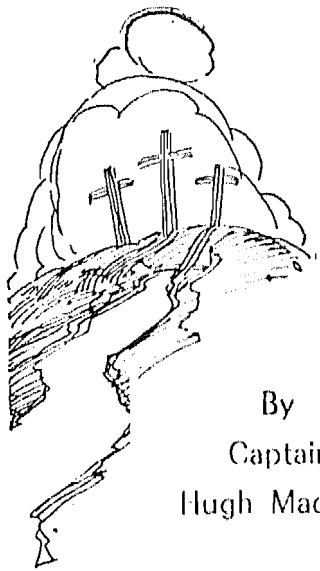
"And their words seemed to them as idle tales, for they believed them not." Luke 24:11.

IDLE tales? The revelation Of a glorious, risen Christ! Prophecy must then mean nothing, If its truth did not suffice To bring home the truth of Easter To His followers and the rest, Looking for the "Hope of Israel" Coming at the Lord's behest.

Idle Tales

Idle tales? And yet their Master Told them ere His life He gave That He would arise, a Victor Over sin and death: and save All who claimed His great salvation. Ah! but holden were their eyes, Dull indeed their understanding That this should be a surprise.

Idle tales? And from a garden (The embodiment of life)! Where could emanate a story More in keeping? Death and strife Would from henceforth now be vanquished,— Easter joy would fill the earth With the coming of the Conqueror And His gift of greatest worth. Ethel Alder.



The Loneliness of Jesus

By
Captain
Hugh Maclean

SOME years ago a brigade of cadets went from the training college to spend the Easter festivities at a small corps. One of the events arranged for their visit by the commanding officer was a sunrise service. The cadets, forming an instrumental combination for musical purposes, were to march through the streets on Easter Sunday morning to the bandstand in the little park. Here, so it was announced, a sunrise service would be held, which the citizens were invited to attend.

Easter Sunday dawned chilly and bleak. Before long, however, the sun broke through the clouds and dispelled the mists of early spring. A trace of snow on the ground remained to remind that winter was only just out of sight, and this snow was quickly turning to slush.

The cadets were out on time, and marched as announced. After taking the long way around, they came down one of the main streets, playing Easter melodies, until they reached the park and its bandstand. Then they stopped playing—and with good reason.

There was no one else there!

The commanding officer decided that there was no point in holding a sunrise service by themselves so they marched on, up one street and down another. But somehow the cold seemed more biting, the slush underfoot more dampening to the enthusiasm, and there was a feeling that the music was not as welcome as had been hoped to the slumbering within-doors. Later, after a fervent knee-drill and a tasty breakfast, both body and spirit revived. A good day resulted, with souls being won, despite the chilly start.

The memory of this occasion in a

small, sleepy Canadian village has recurred to me as I have been meditating on the first Easter morning. That was a sunrise service, too, for Mark tells us that they "came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun."

Furthermore, there was no one there then either—except a few soldiers and they were asleep (or so they said).

I have seen articles written on the Easter experiences of the various visitors to the tomb, but I do not recall having read anyone's thoughts from the point of view of the First Arrival on that wonderful morning. What did *He* find? What were *His* thoughts? Was *He* disappointed, too?

It may be thought presumptuous to attempt to understand the Master. I do not think so, and I base my decision on the instruction of Paul to the Christians at Philippi, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 2:5), and also on his proud claim to the Corinthians that both he and they possessed "the mind of Christ" (1 Cor. 2:16).

Forsaken By His Own

Seeing that he was truly man as well as truly God and that He tasted death for all men, then it must follow that during His stay in the tomb He knew as much or as little of the earthly life around Him as will you or I when in a like position.

On that first Easter morning, the stone was rolled away from the tomb and the Risen Saviour came forth—alone. It was part of the price of our redemption that He should be alone, save for sleeping or lethargic followers, throughout His life and especially in its crises. In Gethsemane He was alone; the rest were sleeping. On the Cross He tasted death alone; the disciples "forsook Him and fled".

At the Resurrection, He came forth alone. What passed in the sacred first moments will never be known exactly until Heaven reveals it to us. Whether the Father met Him or what angels sang His praises are facts which we do not know, but we know that He stood alone outside the tomb, the First-fruit of them that slept.

The price was paid; the task was finished; mankind's redemption had been bought.

Since then the living Christ has far too often stood alone. He comes to the human heart, asking that He may enter. And men and women turn coldly from Him and leave



Him there—alone. His Spirit, anguished by the sin and sorrow we endure, broods over a lost world, calling men to His side to work for Him and serve as shepherds, with Him, of His sheep. He calls and waits—but finds Himself alone.

Are You Helping?

It was right and necessary that He should be alone, on that first Easter morning. What a sorrow that so many so-called followers—self-convinced followers—of His will leave Him still alone *this* Easter Day.

What does He find when He calls for you? What are His thoughts of you? Is there a place at His side, a lonely place, where He planned that you should be?

Is He alone this Easter, because of you?

"THE BLOOD SHALL NEVER LOSE ITS POWER!"

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1:7.

"THE blood of the Cross was Royal blood. Through our American democratic preferences, we may in theory disregard royal pretensions; yet when we see the son of a king, our liveliest interest is aroused. Let the Prince of Wales, or the Prince Imperial of France, even in his broken fortunes, go through our streets, and all the city would turn out to look. It is called an honour to have in one's veins the blood of the house of Stuart, or of the house of Hapsburg. Is it nothing when I point you today to the outpouring blood of the King of the Universe?

Ye who come round about the Cross, look out how you tread in what you see beneath. It is Royal blood. It is said that the Unitarians make too much of the humanity of Christ; I respond that we make too little. If some Roman surgeon, standing under the cross, had caught one drop of the blood on his hand and analyzed it, it would have been found to have the same plasma, the same disc, the same fibrine, the same albumen as that of any other person. It was unmistakably human blood. It is a man who hangs there. His bones were of the same material as ours; His nerves were sensitive like ours. If it were an angel being despoiled I would not feel it so much, for it belongs to a different order of beings. But my Saviour is a man, and my whole sympathy is aroused. I can imagine how the spikes felt; how hot the temples burned; what deathly sickness seized His heart; how mountain, and city and mob swam away from His dying vision. I can realize something of the meaning of that cry for help that makes the blood of all the ages curdle with horror: "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken Me?"

I go still farther, and say it was a Brother's blood. If you saw an entire stranger maltreated, and his life oozing away on the pavement, you would feel indignant; but if, coming along the street, you saw a company of villains beating out the life of your own brother, the sight of his blood would make you mad. You would bound into the affray. At the peril of losing your own life, you would rush in, saying "You vagabonds! this is my brother. I dare you to touch him again!" You would fight until you fell dead beside him. That is your Brother, maltreated on the Cross. They spat on Him, and slapped Him in the face. How do you feel about that?

What are your emotions as you hear the falling of the blood upon the leaves beneath—drip, drip, drip?

Do you not feel as though, with supernatural power, you could rush the mob? Do you feel as if, standing close, with your back against Him, and with one good sword in your hand, and a cry to God for help, you could hew down the desperadoes that assailed Him? But you cannot help. The blood rushes from the victim, and there He hangs—your dead Brother. What is worse—shall I tell it?—you slew Him! I charge it first upon myself, then upon all ye who read these words, the awful crime of fratricide.

were in debt; not being able to meet the obligation; Someone paid it.

You can easily understand how Christ went in to fight our battles and to pay our debts. The debt is cancelled; the captives are released; the shackles are broken; the prison is open. Blood paid the price; blood

By Rev. J. De Witt Talmage

His blood is on our hands. Bring me a laver, quick! that I may wash it off. Show me the pool where I may be cleansed of the terrible stain. Here it is. I have found it. It is the Fountain for all sin; and though sin were as scarlet, it shall be as snow.

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THREE CROSSES ON A HILL

(Continued from page 4)

Repentance is more than sorrow for sin, although sorrow for sin will always accompany repentance; but a man may be sorry for his sin and never repent. Repentance involves a change of mind that produces the right-about-face towards God. There are scores of folk—even professing Christians—who never really face up to sin; never really look straight into its ugly face and say, "What in the name of suffering humanity are you, and why and how are you to be cast out of my life?"

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The argument may not be quite conclusive, but it has a probability, and that satisfies us for a season, but only for a season. Sooner or

later we realize our sin and when we do, we consciously or unconsciously take sides with one or other of those two crosses.

We seek the Cross in the centre, with love bearing the sorrow and suffering that are the result and the accompaniment of sin, and we either trust it or spurn it. To trust it is to do as the dying thief did—commit ourselves completely to Him, and He will commit Himself completely to us. What a stupendous fact that is! In all the stories of Jesus and of faith reposed in Him by human souls, this dying man's faith is the most amazing and the most wonderful.

Moreover, no story proves more perfectly than this one, that nothing is necessary to salvation but repentance and faith. This man had no time to be baptized; he had no time to take the Lord's supper; he had no time to observe any ritual or ceremonial. There was no possibility of this man doing good works, yet Christ accepted him.

When anything is added to repentance and faith as necessary to salvation, we dishonour the glory of our Saviour's mighty work.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

(Continued on page 13)



JESUS IS STILL SAYING, as He said nearly 2,000 years ago, and has repeated ever since—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne." Revelation 3:20, 21.

It is not generally realized that these words were addressed to the members of a Christian church—the one at Laodicea—and not to unsaved persons. Alas, it is possible for those who were once zealous for Christ to grow cold and to close their hearts against the light. This Easter, may all heed the words of the song, and "Fling wide the door of your hearts to the King of kings; bid Him enter, for wonderful peace He brings."

WAITING WITH EXPECTANT HOPE

(Continued from page 5)

waited — hopelessly, broken-heartedly, listlessly; they just waited, not knowing what it was they waited for.

Have you ever waited like that? You hoped that God had come to your heart and that, after that, all would be well. But sorrow came . . . and disappointment . . . and seeming failure . . . and desolation. "We trusted that it had been He." Alas, alas!

Or maybe you have prayed earnestly for revival. You have yearned over the souls of men and women, so indifferent they are to Christ and all that He came to teach. You thought it was coming. You saw some signs. "We trusted that it had been He." Now you are waiting—is it hopelessly, listlessly, dispiritedly waiting?

On the morrow He will come! He will! In the quietness of the early dawn—"while the dew is still on

the roses"—He may come to you as He did to Mary. Maybe you will need to run hard after Him as ran Peter and John. Maybe He will

(Continued in column 3)



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(Continued from page 12)

The other malefactor had the same opportunity but, so far as records reveal, he did not respond. The question that faces us all is, what shall we do in the presence of this eternal picture? What shall I do with the Cross in the centre. Shall I trust it, or shall I spurn it?

I take, O Cross thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss;
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the Cross.

Upon my answer will depend my relationship to God throughout the ages to come.

(Continued from column 2)

come as you quietly go on your way, as did Cleopas and his unnamed companion.

You are waiting now. But He will come—and with Him will come light and life for evermore.
HALLELUJAH!

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IS STILL SAYING, as He said nearly 2,000 years ago, and has repeated ever since—"Behold, I stand at the door and if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne." Revelation 3:20, 21.

It generally realized that these words were addressed to the members of a Christian church—the one at Laodicea—and unsaved persons. Alas, it is possible for those who were once zealous for Christ to grow cold and to close their doors against the light. This Easter, may all heed the words of the song, and "Fling wide the door of your hearts to the King of kings; bid Him enter, for wonderful peace He brings."

WAITING WITH EXPECTANT HOPE

(Continued from page 5)

— hopelessly, broken-heart-
istlessly; they just waited, not
ag what it was they waited
e you ever waited like that?
oped that God had come to
heart and that, after that, all
be well. But sorrow came
and disappointment . . . and
ag failure . . . and desolation.
rusted that it had been He."
alas!
maybe you have prayed
tly for revival. You have
ed over the souls of men and
a, so indifferent they are to
and all that He came to
You thought it was coming.
aw some signs. "We trusted
had been He." Now you are
g—is it hopelessly, listlessly,
itedly waiting?
the morrow He will come! He
In the quietness of the early
—"while the dew is still on

the roses"—He may come to you as
He did to Mary. Maybe you will
need to run hard after Him as ran
Peter and John. Maybe He will
(Continued in column 3)



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THREE CROSSES ON A HILL

(Continued from page 12)

The other malefactor had the same opportunity but, so far as records reveal, he did not respond. The question that faces us all is, what shall we do in the presence of this eternal picture? What shall I do with the Cross in the centre. Shall I trust it, or shall I spurn it?

I take, O Cross thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss;
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the Cross.

Upon my answer will depend my relationship to God throughout the ages to come.

(Continued from column 2)

come as you quietly go on your way, as did Cleopas and his unnamed companion.

You are waiting now. But He will come—and with Him will come light and life for evermore. HALLELUJAH!

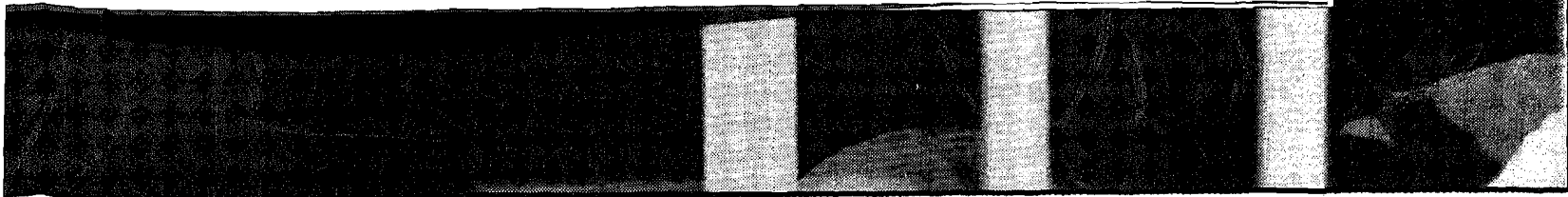


Photo D. Ottaway

WELL KNOWN FACT that reformatories do not always reform their inmates. But The Salvation Army has on record the cases of many a found God in prison. Some of those who commit crimes never regret their action; they are habitual criminals. Others immediately have a on of the deceitfulness of sin, and the depths to which the Devil can sink a man. They truly repent and, if led to Christ by a man of faith, ve the prison with a heart divinely strengthened, and a resolve to "run the straight race, by God's good grace." (In addition to their usual n the nation's penal institutions, the Army's prison officers on "Prison Sunday"—April 25—will have the additional help of groups of bandsmen gsters. The officer in the photograph above is the Prison and Police Court Secretary, Lt.-Colonel E. Green.)

Come with me to Calvary

A Challenge To Dejection

In a meeting conducted by Commissioner John Lawley a comrade was called on to give his testimony. He was obviously depressed and ended his discouraging report with the challenge: "If you know a blacker prospect than that, tell me." In an instant Lawley was on his feet. "Yes", he said, "I can tell you of a darker prospect." Then followed the memorable words printed here.

I KNOW a Man, a City Man. His Name is spread abroad throughout the earth to-day. He was rich; but for our sakes became poor. To fulfil His task He turned His back on unfading flowers, flowing mountains, brightest beauty, grandest glory, seraphic singing, matchless music.

"It was Christmas Eve when He made the change. Look at Him. He steps off the highest throne; He receives His Father's farewell; the angels' good-bye. He walks down the Golden Street; He passes through the Pearly Gates. He arrives at His new quarters, to find there is no room for Him. He is not wanted. His quarters a stable; His bed a manger, with the beasts' straw for a covering. That was a black reception.

"But I can show you something blacker.

"So unwanted was He that His life was threatened. He was without cradle or country, crib or city; the foxes had holes, the birds of the air had nests, but the Son of Man had not where to rest His head. He who created the world laid Himself down upon the mountains. He hungered and thirsted, was contradicted by sinners, wrestled with the powers of darkness. But He plodded on. His was a hard fight.

"But that is not all, it is only the beginning.

"Gethsemane was blacker than anything that had gone before; the loneliness, the blood-drops, the bitter cup, with no hand but His to hold it. The tired disciples, and their failure to watch, and inability to help; the betrayal kiss.

"Darker still; the mock trial; Pilate's bar; the nails; the spear; the soldiers; the thirst; the vinegar; the gall. They fetch this, and they bring that, to complete the death-grip and the crucifixion.

"Black, black, black— but darker still!

"He hung there for your sins and mine and, in that moment, it seemed that the Father had turned away from His Beloved because of sin. He cried out in the supreme agony of His life, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' But to save you and me He held on, held on in the darkest, blackest hour, and at last, with a triumphant cry, 'It is finished,' He died. He was faithful unto death. . . .

"Consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds. Consider Him, who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the Cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God. No more darkness; no more sorrows; no more pain; no more hunger nor thirst; no more revilings, nor any want. Darkest Calvary led to the Resurrection Morning; the breaking of the seal; the rolling away of the stone; the ascension to the Skies. 'Lift up your heads, O ye Gates, and be lifted up, ye Everlasting Doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.'

"Would you know the joy that is set before Him? Then share His sorrow. Do not shrink even from the agony of the Cross. For if any man would be His disciple, he must take up his cross daily and follow Him."

"MY SON!"

I HEARD two soldiers talking
As they came down the Hill—
The sombre Hill of Calvary—
Dark and bleak and still.
And one said, "The night is late;
These thieves take long to die!"
And one said, "I am sore afraid—
And yet I know not why!"

I heard two women weeping
As down the Hill they came;
And one was like a broken rose—
And one was like a flame;
And one said, "Now men shall rue
This deed their hands have done!"
But one said only, through her tears—
"My son! My son! My son!"

I heard two angels singing,
Ere yet the dawn was bright;
And they were clad in shining robes—
Robes and crowns of light;
And one sang, "Death is vanquished!"
And one, with golden voice,
Sang "Love hath conquered over all!"
Oh, heaven and earth rejoice!"

Theodosia Garrison

"Life For a Look"

VISITING an art gallery one day, a man was standing before the famous painting, "Christ Before Pilate," when he became aware of a woman standing near whose ejaculations revealed the grip this scene was getting on her spirit.

As tears started to her eyes, he heard her companion urge her to leave.

"No," she said, "I've thought too little of Him; give me a few minutes longer."

Is it not true that the world will not look long enough at the Cross? If it did, life would be vastly different.

THE MYSTERY OF CALVARY

(Continued from page 3)

should not take thee, and cast thee into the prison of utter darkness."

Soul. "Lord, wherefore wouldest Thou be bound?"

Christ. "That I might loose the cords of thine iniquities.

Soul. "Lord, wherefore wouldest Thou be lifted up upon a Cross?"

Christ. "That I might lift thee up with Me to heaven."

Soul. "Lord, wherefore was Thy side opened with a spear?"

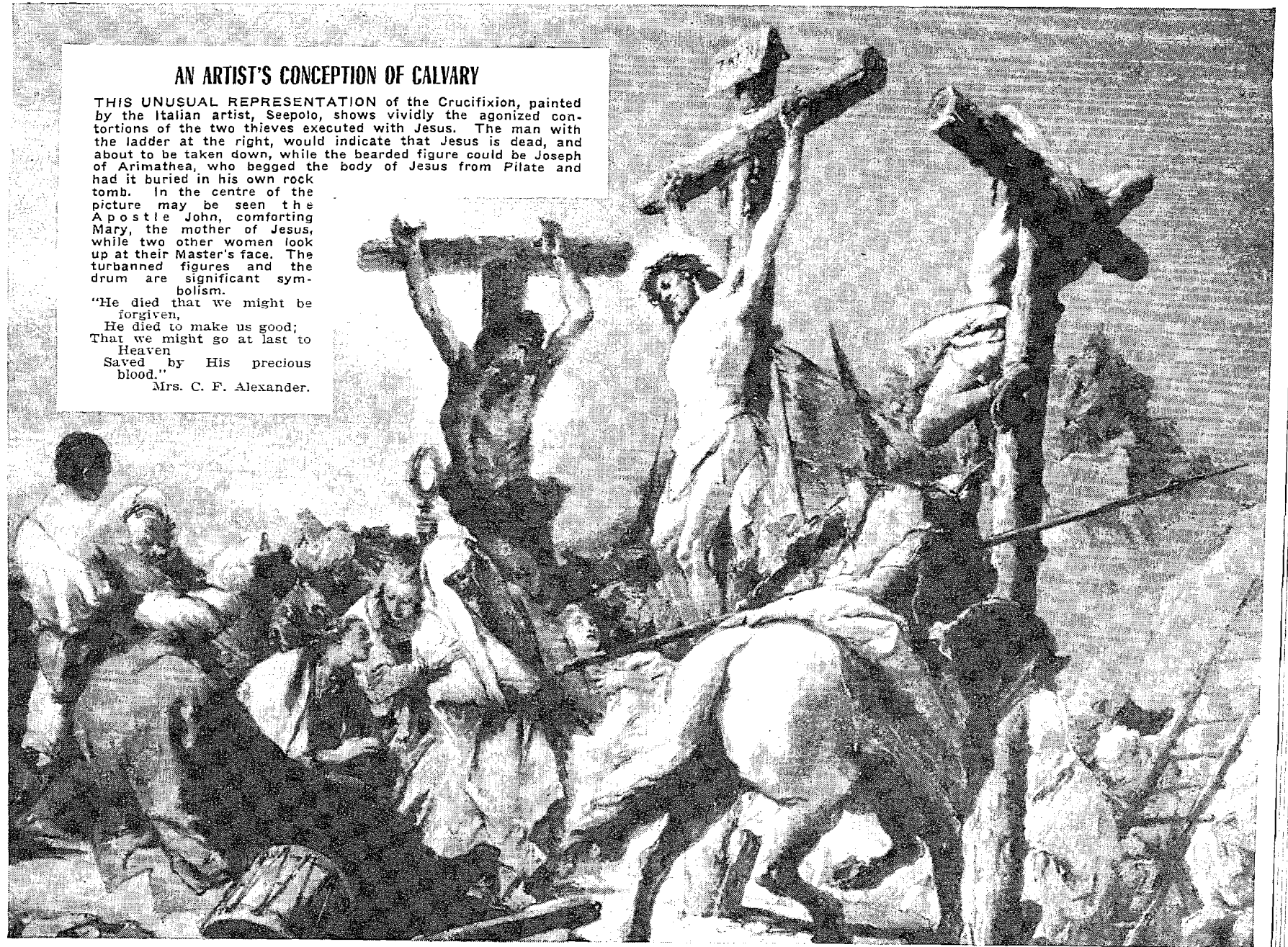
Christ. "That thou mightest find a way nearer to My heart."

AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF CALVARY

THIS UNUSUAL REPRESENTATION of the Crucifixion, painted by the Italian artist, Seepolo, shows vividly the agonized contortions of the two thieves executed with Jesus. The man with the ladder at the right, would indicate that Jesus is dead, and about to be taken down, while the bearded figure could be Joseph of Arimathea, who begged the body of Jesus from Pilate and had it buried in his own rock tomb. In the centre of the picture may be seen the Apostle John, comforting Mary, the mother of Jesus, while two other women look up at their Master's face. The turbaned figures and the drum are significant symbolism.

"He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to Heaven
Saved by His precious blood."

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.





Marjorie
THOMPSON



Marjorie
THOMPSON